

G A R L A N D.

Composed with Variety of the best

N E W S O N G S.

- I. *Nanny of the Vale.*
- II. *The jovial Sailor; or, the Biter Bit.*
- III. *The young Woman's Constancy.*
- IV. *Polly are you wakin*



Licensed and enter'd according to Order



The Royal Wedding GARLAND, &c.

A new Song called, *Sweet Nan of the Vale*,

IN a small pleasant Village by Nature compleat,
 Ot a few honest Shepherds the quiet Retreat;
There liv'd a young Lass of so lovely a Mein,
 That seldom at Balls or at Courts could be seen.

The sweet damask Rose was full blown on her Cheek
The Lilly display'd all its white on her Neck,
The Lads of the Village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her in Raptures, *Sweet Nan of the Vale*.

First young *Hodge* spoke his Passion, till quite out o  She
 (Breath)
Crying, wounds he would hug her and kill her to Death And
 And *Dick* wjt her Beauty was so much possess'd A
 That he loathed his Food and abandon'd his Rest.

But she could find nothing in them to endear,
So sent them away with a Flea in their Ear,
And said, no such Roebies coul'd tell a Love-tale,
 Or bring to Compliance sweet *Nan of the Vale*.

Till young *Roger* the smartest of all the gay green
Who lately at *London* on a Fralick had been,
Came Home much improv'd in his Air and Address
 And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success.

He said, Heaven formed such ripe Lips to be kiss'd
And press'd her so closely she could not resist,
And shew'd the dull Swains the right way to assaile,
 And brought to his wilhes sweet *Nan of the Vale*.

The



The jovial Sailor ; or, the Biter Bit,

ALL you young Men that plow the Ocean,
Come listen here unto me ;
And I will tell you of a Portion,
That fell to one that used the Sea.

As two young Sailors were a walking
In a Field, their Pockets lin'd with Gold ;
As they were together talking,
A Woman there they did behold.

Her lap tuck'd up with a great Basket,
This poor Woman tot to ease ;
To carry her Load one of them asked,
Her Answer was, Yes, if you please.

She says, young Men, I do not know you,
My Basket is full of Eggs take Care,
And if you chance for to outgo me,

At the Halfway-houle pray leave it there.

Away they went both fill'd with Laughter,
But as we have it understood ;
She at a Distance followed after,
Disguised in her Riding-hood.

They went on to Bite the Biter,
The Halfway-house they did pass by ;
To see the Fun she walk'd the faster
Still upon them she had an Eye.

They turned about and look'd upon her,
They did not know her in Disguise ;
Ha, ha, say they, we've quite outgone her,
All is our own we've gained the Prize.

Coming

Coming to Quarter they believed,
 That they had lost her in the Field,
 But being disguised, they were deceived,
 She was then just at their Heels.

Drinking of a Pint of Purl,
 She heard them laugh at what was done;
 Saying, what Fools there is in this World,
 And her we've put into a clever Fun.

Then said, Landlady bring us some Bacon,
 Here's Eggs answ we'll have some drel's'd;
 But these poor Sailors were mistaken,
 As you may say when you've heard the Jest.

The Basket being open'd nimbly,
 Going to divide the Spoil;
 To speak the Truth, and not dissemble,
 Instead of Eggs it was a Child.

I being poor and loth to starve it,
 To drop it indeed was my Design,
 But now you are catch'd, and well deserve it,
 This Child it is both thine and mine.

The Landlord said, with a loud Laughter,
 Instead of cooking Boys, you see,
 Bot for a Nurse you must be looking,
 For by this Woman farr'd you be.

One said to me, the Jade was pretty,

I took it for to ease her Pain;

But now I think I am rarely fitted,

I have a Bastard to maintain.

He cursed and swore in a great Passion,

At which they all laughed heartily,

Sinc

Since drop't Children are in Fashion,
The Child will cause a Purse from me.

Since it is a thing cannot be prevented,
It is not worth my while;
Since I am fann'd I'll be contented,
To give forty Pounds with the Child.

This Woman being the Babes own Mother,
They not knowing she being there;
She took the Child before another,
The Sailor said, of it take care.

She says, I will be very tender,
Great Love unto it shall be shown;
At which the Sailors did commend her,
And said the Money was all her own.

Witnes being then to see the Action,
To speak the Truth I may be free;
To speak the Truth for Satisfaction,
The Father of this Child you be.

Twelve Months ago come the next Easter,
Since Marritage to me you did protest;
You being false, and prov'd a Jester,
You left me sighing in Distress.

Ho ! ho ! said he, are you that Nancy,
With whom I danced and did betray,
Yes indeed and for that Fancy,
I think the Fidler you have paid.

Away she took the Baby jenking,
Look'd in the Basket and did swear,
A Child said he, who would have thought it,
I never shall love Eggs no more.

The

The young Woman's Constancy.

Farewell, dear Heart, I must be gone,
 And leave you here alone ;
 And leave me here to lament and cry,
 You never can hear my Moan.
Dear Heart I must be gone,
 And leave you here alone.

As for your Moan I never can hear,
 Nor cure you of your Disease ;
 But we must wait a little while,
 Till all our Friends are pleas'd.
Dear Heart, &c.

Suppose our Friends should ne'er be pleas'd
 For they are of a lofty Eye :
 I ne'er shall turn false to the Man I love,
 Until the Sea run dry.
Dear Hart, &c.

The Day must give no Light,
 And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
 I never will prove false to the Man I love,
 Until all these Things be done.
Dear Heart, &c.

Suppose

Suppose these Things should ne'er be done,
 As long as we do live;
 I never will prove false to the Man I love,
 Until I go to my Grave.
Dear Heart, &c.

Hark how the pretty Birds do sing,
 Sits murmuring on every Tree;
 Daily mourning for its Mate,
 As I could mourn for thee.
Dear Heart I must be gone,
And leave you here alone.



Polly are you Waking.

O *Polly are you waking*
O *Polly are you waking,*
 I am the Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Kind *Polly* are you waking,
 Awaking, awaking, kind *Polly* are you waking,
 It's I'm the Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Kind *Polly* are you waking.
O who is there at my Back-door,
 Stands rumbling and shaking,
 It's the Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Kind *Polly* are you waking,
 Awaking, awaking, &c.
 Where have you been my Dear all Night,
 You are so wet and weary,
 Put off your wet put on your dry,
 And come and bus your Deary,

The

Then he pull'd off his Velvet Cloak,
 Likewise his Cap and Feather,
 And he put on her Holland mock,
 And a loving they went together,
 Together &c.

Don't you think my Love was willing,
 Don't you think my Love was willing.
 I gave her what's worth Eighteen-pence,
 And she gave me back two Shillings,
 Two Shillings, &c.

Then she put on her Petticoat,
 And to the Door she came O,
 And he slipt into her Bed Room,
 As he'd oft Times done before O,
 Before O, &c.

Don't you think my Love lov'd Music,
 Don't you think my Love lov'd Music,
 I gave to her the Fiddle-stick,
 And she knew as well how to use it,
 Use it, use it, &c.

The right end in her Hand,
 So well she did use it,
 She struck up a new made tune,
 And would not abuse it,
 I laid her down upon the Grass,
 We play'd the Game so fair O,
 I lost both sense and Wisdom,
 In thus destroying myself O.

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